OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF BOOKS, REGISTERED 22 AUG 1913 MADRAS.

THE

# Student's Own Magazine

## FOR INDIA, BURMA & CEYLON

A Monthly Journal of Education

Vol. IV. No. 7. New Series. | JUNE, 1913 | Re. 1 per Annum. Single Copy 2 ANNAS.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

### The School-Final Examination.

WITH the announcement of the results of the School Final Examination and the reopening of the colleges there will be quite a bustle among students aspiring to enter upon a university course. The School Final scheme is indeed a well-thought-out educational measure but we are anxious to draw attention to an aspect of its influence upon students which is not of a desirable nature. We refer to the frantic efforts made by those who are not at all qualified by their record of work to enter a college class, to secure admission by some means or other. Unhealthy influences are sought to be placed on the discretion vested in the heads of colleges. Recommendation letters are begged for, for the purpose ; there are pathetic representations of the suffering and wretchedness that would ensue from non-admission. Every body who has any possible connection with the work of the college is put to considerable annoyance, and we are sorry to say, there is even an occasional invention of unwholesome devices to achieve the aim and all this when they will not be able to follow in the remotest measure, the course of instruction in the college. We admit it is no easy task to perceive one's own deficiencies, but it ceases to be difficult when the register of marks stares one in the face. Will not students refrain from seeking admission in such cases at least in their own interests, if not to save others from vexation and trouble?

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### The Late Lord Avebury.

It is our painful duty to chronicle the death of a writer specially well-known to the student world, Lord Avebury, formerly Sir John Lubbock. Many a youthful essayist will testify to the great benefit he has derived by his writings, their characteristic feature being a large number of choice quotations from the most varied sources. His *Pleasures of Life*, *Use of Life* and the *Beauties of Nature* are general

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favourites with the young. Born in 1834, he lived a long career of strenuous activity for nearly eighty years. It may not be generally known to our readers that he was a keen Parliamentarian, Vice-Chancellor of the University of London for some time and a very rich and successful banker. His popularity as a man of letters may be gauged from the fact that his publishers have already sold more than a hundred and seventy-one thousand copies of his *Use of Life*.

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## A Poetical Beau.

The publication of the collected edition of a poet's works is no unimportant landmark in his career. Mr. Austin Dobson whose literary work extends over nearly half a century has just come to that glory and the student of English literature may well pause to review his position in the world of letters. Though a Victorian poet in point of historical associations he has sedulously cultivated what may be regarded as a feature of early Georgian verse, struggling for metrical finish and perfection. He is full of the grace and lightness of French poetry and has achieved remarkable success in handling the pretty metrical combinations of that country. He complains of the uncongenial surroundings in which he has to work:

Too hard it is to sing
In these untuneful times,
When only coin can ring,
And no one cares for rhymes!
Alas! for him who climbs
To Aganippe's spring:
Too hard it is to sing
In these untuneful times!
His kindred clip his wing;
His feet the critic limes:
If Fame her laurel bring,
Old age his forehead rimes:
Too hard it is to sing
In these untuneful times!

and it is no ordinary achievement to have received recognition for his work even in such an alien atmosphere. His position is unique in one branch of English poetry, in *vers de societe* and there is none in English to rival the old poetical beau as he has been called in "the nice conduct of a quatrain, the graceful tap on the jewelled lid of a Roudeau, or the courtly bow that closes a ballade". His work in criticism, in elucidating some aspects of 18th century life and literature is equally invaluable and it is not the privilege of many to boast of such success in two widely different departments of literature. In the concluding lines of his work he sets forth the ambition of his literary life and wonders if he will be remembered by posterity. But is there any doubt of myriads of readers bearing witness in after days to his splendid achievement of the aim?

In after days when grasses high
O'ertop the stone where I shall lie,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honoured dust,
I shall not question or reply.
I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days!
But yet, now living, fain were I
That some one then should testify,
Saying—"He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust."
Will none?—Then let my memory die
In after days!

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## Indians and the English Language.

The ability with which Indians handle the English language has been the subject of praise from time to time. The latest compliment is from Mr. William Archer, the distinguished dramatic critic who recently toured in India. He writes thus :

'The one thing with which I am most impressed in India, and the one thing for which I was least prepared, is the marvellous talent for language—at any rate, for the English language—possessed by the educated Indian. Go where you will, you find English spoken and written with absolute fluency and correctness. I have always questioned the good taste of our burlesques of "Babu English" but until I came to India I did not realise how utterly beside the mark they are. Only one Englishman, within my knowledge, has said anything adequate on this point. Writing of a translation by an Indian of a Bengalee romance, Mr. Frederic Harrison speaks of "the wonderful command of our language obtained by our Indian-fellow citizens —a command the most learned and accomplished foreigner of Europe never acquires." Substitue "hardly ever" for "never," and this is absolutely true.

It would be rash to declare that Indians commonly write English better than Max Muller or Joseph Conrad; but it is true that many of them write it almost as well, and that hundreds and thousands use the language, both in speech and writing, with a facility and correctness such as very few foreigners ever attain. "Providential" is a word often applied to the British rule in India; and truly this facility in mastering the English language would almost seem like a special gift of Providence.

## Sir Quiller Couch on Verse-Composition.

Sir Quiller Couch has more than justified the expectations entertained of him when he was appointed Edward VII. Professor of English Literature, at the University of Cambridge. Some of his recent utterances on the art of writing English, delivered *ex cathedra*, have been as profound as they are original. The lecture on verse-composition reproduced elsewhere draws attention to the fundamental distinction between poetry and prose which really exists, in spite of what Sidney, Wordsworth and Shelley have said to the contrary.

In another lecture of his on the use of jargon in composition he recently gave a piece of advice which must be of special value to Indian students as they are always prone to be prolix in their composition. He said : "When any one wrote in the active voice, 'they gave him a silver pot,' he wrote as a man. When he wrote he was *made the recipient of* a silver pot, he wrote as a fool." It is only necessary to add that this example may be taken as the type of a large class of verbose expressions which the teacher of English composition has often to lament in this country.

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## The World's Largest Libraries

Whatever the grandeur of libraries in the East in ancient times, the West is now boasting of an enviable record in collections of books as public libraries. The following figures will give our readers an idea of their magnitude :

In all, the library of the British Museum has between 3,500,000 and 4,000,000 books. Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris

has 3,500,000 volumes; the Royal Library, at St. Petersburg, 1,900,000; Berlin, 1,400,000; Munich, 1,100,000; Vienna, 1,000,000; and the library of the Congress at Washington, 1,700,000. The British Museum Library, is the youngest of the great libraries of Europe, but it is also the largest.

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## The Original of Hamlet!

Germany has not the monopoly of eccentric theories in Shakesperian criticism. There is an astounding proposition laid down in the May number of the *Ninteenth Century* by Mrs. Grace Rhys with regard to a supposed original of Hamlet. It is nothing short of this, that Shakespeare based his *Hamlet* on the life-story of Essex. Some fancied resemblances between the two, suggest the theory and the parallel is worked out in some detail. She does not even hesitate to discredit the theory of the play being based on the Danish *Amleth* by Saxo Grammaticus. It is hoped our readers do not consider it necessary on our part to refute the arguments—they are opposed to the entire process of Shakespeare's artistic craftsmanship.

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## A New Poet.

We have great pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to an appreciation of the poet, John Masefield, extracted elsewhere in this number. The returns of his publishers show the amazing popularity which some of his recent poems seem to enjoy. One has to go back to the days of Byron's poetic glory to find a similar record. He is also a novelist of some repute but we have no doubt his name will be handed down in literature as the originator of a new type of verse-tale, full of grim realism and remarkable for its unconventional poetic diction. *His Widow of the Bye Street* referred to in the article is a masterpiece of great power. Our readers can find his poems in the *English Review*, in which they have been appearing from time to time.

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## The Browning Love Letters.

Elizabeth Browning's passionate and lofty love for the 'princely heart' of Robert Browing finds noble expression in *The Sonnets from the Portuguese*. But their love-letters devoid of the strain imposed by publicity, and written in the familiarity and confidence of conjugal life must possess even greater charm and attraction for the reader. Nearly six hundred of them, bequeathed by their son who recently died in Italy were sold in England and they fetched the large sum of six thousand five hundred and fifty pounds. The great esteem in which the work of Mrs. Browning is held is evident from the prices paid for the MSS. of some of her works:

*Sonnets from the Portuguese*, £1130.
*Aurora Leigh*, £ 930.
*Caterina to Camoens*, £620.

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## The Laureate of Asia.

Yet another honor to the Bengalee poet, Rabindranath Tagore. A few days back the Rev. C. F. Andrews, M.A., of Delhi, discoursed on his life and work at the Viceregal Lodge, Simla, in the presence of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Hardinge and a number of distinguished guests. This is a brief summary of his address:

Mr. Andrews said Rabindra is the national Indian poet of to-day in the sense that Shakespeare was the national poet of England in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Continuing he said—"I think I shall bring

most vividly before you the second part of my subject, the personality of the poet if I describe as briefly and clearly as I can one unforgettable morning in London when my friend told me his own life-story making out himself the chief points in his literary career. There is much that must remain untold for it is too sacred and intimate, but that which I can tell you will, I trust, disclose the poet and enable you to grasp his message. He was good enough to let me take full notes at the time, and in many places I shall quote his very own words to you. Rabindra's childish recollections of his father, the great Maharshi, and his dead mother were vividly porttrayed. The reverential awe for the former was lost in his spiritual meditation sand the childish fearlessness in the presence of death where only peaceful calm seemed to be. Being left solely in the charge of servants Rabindra's childhood was solitary. He grew passionately fond of Nature which seemed to be to him an intense and intimate friendship with an influence constantly revealing some fresh beauty. This effect on, Rabindra's childhood is best shown by a passage in his "Jiwan Smriti" where he writes:—" I would run into the garden the moment I got up from sleep. A scent of leaves and grass wet with dew seemed to embrace me and the dawn all tender and fresh with the new awakened rays of the sun, held out its face to me to greet me. Beneath the trembling vesture of palm leaves nature shut her hands and laughingly asked every day 'what have I got inside' and nothing seemed impossible." Rabindranath's first literary awakening resulted from reading the old Bengali poets Chandidas and Vidayapati, a copy of which he found and eagerly devoured when he was twelve or thirteen. Then he attempted flight by himself, imitating their style and language and wrote under the *nom de plume* of Bhanu Sinha with the result that literary Bengal 'sat up' and wondered and was puzzled over the identity of the new poet who soon abandoned the conservatism of the old school and struck out a line for himself in romance in which the early Vaishnav literature exercised an abiding influence. Even in his last work " Gitanjali " poetry, music and art were combined. Association with the old members of the Tagore family moulded and developed his brain far more than his schooling, yet it was in Free School Street, Calcutta, watching the sunrise, that he felt his real birth. He described it as follows:—"A veil was suddenly drawn and everything I saw became glorious. The whole was one glorious music, one wonderful rhythm. The houses in the street, the men moving, the children playing, all seemed parts of one glorious whole. An inexpressibly glorious vision went on for seven or eight days. Every one even those who annoyed me seemed to lose their outer barrier of personality, and I was full of gladness, full of love for every person and for every tiniest thing. Then I went to the Himalayas and looked for-there and I lost it. That was one of the first things which gave the inner vision, and I tried to explain it in my poems. I have felt ever since that this was my goal, to express the fulness of life in the beauty as perfection, if only the veil were withdrawn." The next stage of the poet's career is marked by his marriage at the age of twenty-three and his consequent transfer to Shilida to supervise his father's large estate by the Ganges. His work brought him into the closest touch with every phase of village life. Here he learned the lessons of patience, simplicity and human sympathy from

the country people, which have made him such an ardent patriot. The next landmark in his life appears when he reached the age of forty on leaving the supervision of his estate when he felt in his bone "the approach of a varshu shesha" (a close of the year) indicating the need for him to devote his life somehow for his country. This resulted in his starting a school where boys should be taught a more intimate knowledge of Nature, but owing to money difficulties he had to sell even the copyright of his books to obtain the necessary funds for continuing what had changed from a poetic dream to a spiritual ideal. The inner change taking place in him was completed by the tragic death of his wife and two children. He characterised this as a 'great blessing to me. I felt that if even an atom seemed lost it could not be lost.' It was not mere resignation that came but a sense of fuller life. It was at this time that "Gitanjali" was written, also "Naivedya," "Shishu" and "Khaya," and these show his realization of the spiritual in and through the material to be the wonder and glory of this Bengali poet. In the same manner as his earliest passionate love for physical beauty and nature became etherialised, his recent travels in America and England influenced his inner thoughts in a marked degree showing yet another phase as he writes to a friend "as I crossed the Atlantic I realised that a new stage in my life had begun, the stage of a voyager to the open road to the emancipation of self and to the realisation in love," the phase of facing the larger and wider problems of mankind. Of his translations of his poems into English he says—"I had to strip them of all their gaudy ornaments and clothe them in their simplest dress. Yet it is not too much to say that the unique fear of a poet transcribing his thoughts in Bengali verse into what has proved to be a beautiful and rhythmic English prose enriches and widens the bounds of English literature. It even leads to the hope that in higher planes of life and thought, East and West may soon become intimately one. Lastly, the similarity of his thoughts in his recent religious work almost invites an accusation of plagiarism, though the Christian sprit of many thoughts in the old Vaishnav literature would prove the origin of the poet's conceptions in the Upanishads, in the Buddhist ideal, and Vaishnav hymns and Kabir. Might it not be that in the higher ranges of ancient Hinduism and of primitive Christianity there may be found some common ground for the great onward march of West and East and the whole human race by which they shall reach at length those shining table-lands of which our God himself is moon and sun?"

The Viceroy joined enthusiastically in the praise of the poet and was pleased to designate him, *The Laureate of Asia.* He said that he was enjoying at the present movement a poetical sovereignty which might well be envied by the authors of the world. The following verses by Rev. Andrews on reading the poet's *Gitanjali* will be of interest to our readers :

Soft as slow-dropping waters in a pool
Kissed by the moon at midnight, deep and cool,
Whose liquid sound upon the ear doth fall
Fraught with enchantment brooding over all,

Such was the spell which held my soul in fee
Entranced on hearing first Gitanjali.
But deeper far than that deep spell of sound
A still hushed Presence all my spirit bound,—
'Put off thy shoes' it whispered, 'from thy feet:
'Here in this inner shrine prepare to meet
'Thy Lord and Master face to face, and know
'How Love through all His universe doth flow.

* * * *

Silent within the temple of the soul
I worshipped, and beheld Life's vision whole,—
No false mirage seen in ascetic mood,
But, as when first God made it, very good:
Each door of sense unbarred, and open all
To greet His advent and accept His call.

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## Indian Poetry.

Our poetry columns this month contain some more specimens of Indian poetry. Bishop Heber is responsible for the first piece addressed to his wife from India. It will interest our readers to know that the late Mr. Gladstone was so fond of the lines that he translated them himself into Latin. The second poem descriptive of an evening in India occurs in a thrilling tale by Mrs. Hemans entitled, *The Indian City.* The poetess married a retired Captain of the Bengal army and that probably accounts for her knowledge of this episode of Oriental Romance. It is interesting to see the two American poets, Emerson and Longfellow deal with subjects relating to Hindu mythology and religion. Thrisanku is the father of the illustrious Harischandra whose name as the martyr to truth is enshrined in every Hindu heart. It is however difficult to see what warrant is afforded by the story for the concluding moral. The philosophy of the *Bhagavat Gita* must have appealed profoundly to the contemplative intellect of Emerson and some well-known stanzas of the Sacred Book are rendered into English by him. It was Carlyle that presented him with a copy of the translation of the Gita and the volume is still preserved in his house in Boston. The story of a King's sacrifice of his life for saving a poor dove is by the Anglo-Indian scholar, Professor Griffith, the translator of the *Ramayan.* There are numerous tales of the same kind in Hindu mythology.

## OUR SERIAL STORY.

## The Boys of Devapur School.

CHAPTER IV.

*By Harry Banbery, B. A., L. C. P.*

A YOUNG HERO.

WHO'S coming out for a bath this Fine holiday ?" shouted Abdul Hamid, as he walked into the Common Room of the School Hostel. A number of boys were sitting in the room. Some were reading, but the greater number were in little groups discussing recent matches or something else of equal interest.

" Come along,you fellows ! " said Abdul hastily, " don't let us miss this fine day, it is just the morning for a pleasant swim in the river.

" Oh yes !" said Ram Das, " I'll go. You will go too, wont' you ? " continued he, turning to his cousin Oudh Behari.

It was a new term, and as Oudh Behari's father, who was in Government service, had been transferred to another district, the two cousins were living in one of the School hostels. Ram Das had enjoyed the change very much. He was so much in love with school life that he had welcome the idea of living in one of the school hostels and so having every hour of the day filled with the school and school interests.

Oudh Behari hesitated for a minute or so, and Ram Das began to plead. " Oh ! do come," said he. " I know I can't go unless you go, too."

" Well," said Oudh Behari, " If we go you will be very careful, won't you, and will stay near the bank and not get out of your depth. There are a lot of big holes in the river, and if you get into one of them and sink, the river grass growing in them will twine itself round your legs and we shall never get you out again."

"Oh yes ! I will be careful," said Ram Das.

So it was agreed that a party of the boys should go, among whom where the two cousins together with Abdul Hamid and Lakshmi Shankar.

First of all they had to get permission to leave the hostel grounds. Oudh Behari wrote out the application which they all signed. Then he handed it over to Iamaruzzaman, the senior prefect of the hostel ; who took it to the Superintendent.

When the Superintendent read it, he turned to a map of the town and the sub-burbs and pointinig to a part of the map which was bounded by red ink lines he said " See the place where you want to bathe is out of bounds. I can give you permission to bathe in the river at any place within the bounds, but the head-master's permission is necessary to go to out side.

'But you will recommend the application, won't you" said Iamaruzzaman..

"Yes" said the Superintendent and writing the words '*Recommended for favourable consideration*' on the application he told Iamaruzzaman to take it to the Head-master who lived in a bungalow about five minutes' walk away from the hostel. "Bring the application back to me," he said, "when the Headmaster has signed it."

"Very well, Sir" said Iamaruzzaman as

he ran off. Very soon the necessary permission was gained and the party of boys set off to the river.

Ram Das had been working hard to retrieve his good name since his disgrace in the last examination, and he could see by the Headmaster's pleasant smile whenever he met him that he had been quite forgiven. Abdul Hamid and Lakshmi Shankar, too, had turned over a new leaf, and though sometimes it was very hard to resist the temptation to foul in a hockey match or to be lazy and cheat in school, yet on the whole they had made much progress, and were just beginning to feel the pleasure that is always the reward of those who work well and play well. Then, too, the Headmaster's approving smile when they did something good in class or on the playground, they felt, was very well worth earning, even though it meant a little harder work.

So all the boys of the party on that bright morning were feeling very merry. Soon they reached the river and taking off their clothes were speedily splashing and dashing about in the cool water. After a time the bolder spirits grew tired of bathing in the one place, and first one and then the other challenged the rest to race to a certain point and back again. Oudh Behari watched his cousin carefully and let him try in a few of the shorter races. After a while he said " Don't race any more, now you are getting tired, and besides the distances for the races are getting longer and nearer to the dangerous part of the river."

So Ram Das splashed about near the bank and sometimes sat on the bank and baked in the warm sun.

Just then a big boy named Jumna Bahadur called out "Let us have one race more and then we'll go back to the hostel. Let us race to the bridge and back. Who will join "? Some of the boys had dressed and were sitting under a tree a little way off and among them was Oudh Behari. But Ram Das and some others were still in the water.

" Come along you youngsters," said Jumna Bahadur. Abdul Hamid and Lakshmi Shankar began to get ready, when Ram Das said " Don't go. It is very dangerous near the bridge. There are several deep holes there, and there is a strong under-current." The two boys hesitated.

" Oh, come along," said Jumna. "Don't listen to Ram Das, he is only a baby."

Abdul Hamid and Lakshmi Shankar began to move off again. Ram Das put his hand on Abdul's arm. " Please don't go," he said earnestly.

Abdul was a bigger boy than Ram Das, and at first he did not like to follow his advice. Then, too, Jumna Bahadur began to make fun of him. Just as he turned to follow Jumna Bahadur, he saw the look of trouble on Ram Das's face and as he really was very fond of Ram Das, he hesitated again, and then said " All right, youngster, I won't go. Although I think you are making a guess for nothing. Here Lakshmi Shankar, you must stay too. If I am not going I am not going to let you go." And as Lakshmi Shankar generally followed Abdul's lead in most things, he, after a little grumble, stayed too.

Jumna Bahadur gathered some five or six other boys and after a few sarcastic remarks at the three, he started the race for the bridge.

Jumna was a much stronger swimmer than the others and so he soon forced ahead and reached the bridge first. He

shouted in triumph, swam under the bridge, and then turned to come back. As he turned it seemed to the watchers on the bank as if something pulled him down water. Then Jumna seemed to struggle. Then he shouted for help. "Something has got hold of my legs and is pulling me down. Oh ! help ! help ! help !"

Even at the first signs of something wrong, the three boys had jumped up and had begun to run along the bank towards the bridge. Jumna's cries for help quickened their pace and they were very soon at a spot in the bank at the foot of the bridge.

"Now" said Abdul, "Listen to me and we'll soon have him out of the water. You, Ram Das, wait in the river, near the bank. Lakshmi Shankar, you come a little after me and be ready to help me when I want help, but don't come too near or you'll get caught in the river weeds, too." As he gave these directions he opened a knife, that he had taken from his clothes, when he saw Jumna in trouble, and putting the blade between his teeth he sprang into the river and swam vigorously towards the now drowning boy.

Jumna's head was sinking under water as Abdul reached him. A quick glance showed Abdul that a long stand of weed had wrapped itself round Jumna's left ankle. Two quick slashes of the knife cut the weed, and freed the boy. Then he seized the boy by his longy hair and began to swim towards the shore. Lakshmi Shankar had come up by this time and he passed one arm under Jumna's shoulders and tried to keep his head above water. By the time they reached the bank there were a lot of boys there to help and they soon had him out.

But Jumna was quite unconscious, "Oh dear ! Oh dear !" said Ram Das "He is dead. He is dead." "Don't make such a fuss. Stay with him and I will run and fetch a doctor" said Oudh Behari. "I will be back in a few minutes." The other boys stood round not knowing what to do.

"Oh! there's the headmaster driving along the road." cried Lakshmi Shankars "I'll call him." His shouts quickly attracted the headmaster's attention who, throwing his reins to the syce, sprang out of the buggy and ran to the group of boys.

He saw at once what had happened. He took out his handkerchief and wiped off from Jumna's nostrils and mouth some mud that had collected there. Then he turned him over, face downwards, and immediately the mouth opened, the tongue fell towards the front of the mouth, and a little water ran out.

Then he turned him over again. He stood up for a moment, took off his own coat and rolled it up and put it under Jumna's shoulder blades. Next he took a piece of tape out of his waistcoat pocket and tied it over the tongue and under the chin, so as to keep the tongue in such a position as would allow air to pass into the mouth.

Then he knelt at Jumna's head, grasped his arms just above the elbows and drew the arms gently and steadily upwards above the head, and kept them stretched upwards for two seconds. He next turned down Jumna's arms, and bent and pressed them gently but firmly for two seconds against the sides of his chest. He did this upwards and downwards for five minutes,ten minutes, fifteen minutes, without any movement by Jumna. After twenty minutes had passed, just when the

boys had given up all hope, there was a slight quire of the eyelids, followed by a sigh, and Jumna opened his eyes. Ram Das could have jumped for joy, he was so pleased.

"Now," said the headmaster, "two of you rub his legs to make him warm. Not that way," he said sharply as the boys began to rub the legs up and down. "Rub the legs upwards to the heart. That will send the blood along the veins towards the heart." "Another of you run to my buggy and bring the horse's blanket," he continued. This was done and in a few minutes Jumna was in a glow, wrapped up in the thick blanket. By this time the doctor had arrived in a phæton. The headmaster and the doctor put Jumna Bahadur in the phæton getting in also, went off to the hostel, Jumna Das was put to bed, was given a cordial, and after 'a few hours' sleep was very little the worse for his adventure, though much subdued in spirit.

Next morning when the school assembled in the great hall before going to the class rooms, the headmaster stood on the platform, lifted his head for attention and then began to speak.

"You have all heard of what happened yesterday" he said, "so that I need not tell you the story. You will all be glad to hear that Jumna Bahadur is almost quite well again. I want however to call your attention to the conduct of Abdul Hamid, Lakshmi Shankar, and Ram Das. All the boys in the bathing party did well, but if it had not been for the prompt action of these three there is no doubt that Jumna would have been drowned. These three boys did very well indeed. But I find, after enquiry, that of these three Abdul Hamid's conduct was particularly praiseworthy. Not only was he brave but he kept cool, and made his arrangements to save Jumna as cooly as an older man might have done. Many men are brave, but not all of them are cool and collected in danger so their bravery is not of so much good to others as it might have been. Abdul forgot nothing, had his knife ready to cut away the weeds, arranged for help where it was necessary, and so saved Jumna without hurt to himself or others. I am very proud of him. "Now", continued the headmaster, turning to a part of the hall wall on which there were some names printed in gold, "there is the Honours Roll. You know that it is the custom in this school to write on it the name of any boy of our school who has done something noble, who has done something to add to the honour of the school. The last name there Sirdar Man Singh is the name of one of our school boys who, when he left us joined the army. You remember his story—how he was in the army that was sent to relieve the Legations that were shut up in Pekin; how he was mortally wounded in trying to rescue a wounded comrade; how he succeeded in his attempt; and how he died within an hour afterwards. His name is an honour to the school. I propose now to add Abdul Hamid's name to the list."

When he said this, what a shout arose from the boys! How they clapped and shouted again and again. When the tumult subsided, the headmaster said "I am glad to see and hear that you approve of my proposal. Abdul Hamid, by his conduct has done us honour, and it is only right that we should do him the honor of inscribing his name on the Honours Roll."

"Now there is another thing I want to say to you and that is that I cannot allow any more bathing in the river except in places marked out by me as being safe. Then too, every boy should know what to do to restore any one who appears to be drowned. Today instead of meeting in the class rooms for ordinary lessons, I want you to assemble in 'houses' and then each 'house' must go to its housemaster's room. There the house master will show what should be done to restore the apparently drowned. When that lesson has been given, you, may arrange a cricket match between two teams, one-half of the school 'houses', and the other from the other half."

The boys filed into the appointed classrooms, house by house, and after about an hour went on to the cricket field, some to sit in the shade of the tall trees to watch the match, and some to play.

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# INDIAN POETRY—II.

## I

### Lines Written in India.

(REGINALD HEBER)

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale.

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Ganga's mimic sea.

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Ganga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering moon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on, then on, where duty leads,
My course be onward still;
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Mulwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee.

## II

### Evening in India.

(FELICIA HEMANS.)

Royal in splendour went down the day,
On the plain where an Indian city lay,
With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,
Red, as if fused in the burning sky;
And its deep groves pierced by the rays which made
A bright stream's way through each long arcade,
Till the pillared vaults of the banyan stood,
Like torch-lit isles amidst the solemn wood;
And the plantain glittered with leaves of gold,
As a tree midst the genie-gardens old;
And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,
And the stems of cocoas were shafts of fire.
Many a white pagoda's gleam
Slept lovely round upon lake and stream,
Broken alone by the lotus flowers,
As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours,

# INDIAN POETRY—II.—(*continued*.)

Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed
Its glory forth on their crystal bed.
Many a graceful Hindoo maid,
With the water-vase, from the palmy shade
Came gliding light as the desert's roe,
Down marble steps to the tanks below;
And a cool sweet plashing was ever heard,
As the molten glass of the wave was stirred,
And a murmur thrilling the scented air,
Told where the Brahmin bowed in prayer.

## III.

## King Trisanku.

(LONGFELLOW.)

Viswamitra the magician,
By his spells and incantations,
Up to Indra's realms elysian
Raised Trisanku, king of nations,

Indra and the Gods offended
Hurled him downward,and descending
In the air he hung suspended,
With these equal powers contending.

Thus by aspirations lifted,
By misgivings downward driven,
Human hearts are tossed and drifted
Midway between earth and heaven.

## IV.

## Brahma.

(EMERSON.)

If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

## V.

## King Shaivya and the Suppliant Dove.

(GRIFFITH.)

Chased by a hawk there came a dove
With worn and weary wing,
And took her stand upon the hand
Of Kashi's mighty King (Shaivya).

# INDIAN POETRY—II.—*(continued.)*

The monarch smoothed her ruffled plumes
And laid her on his breast,
And cried, 'No fear shall vex thee here,
Rest, pretty egghorn, rest !

Fair Kashi's realm is rich and wide,
With golden harvests gay,
But all that's mine will I resign
Ere I my guest betray.

But panting for his half-won spoil,
The hawk was close behind,
And with wild cry and eager eye
Came swooping down the wind.

"This bird", he cried, my destined prize
'It is not for thee to shield:
'Tis mine by right and toilsome flight
O'er hill and dale and field.

Hunger and thirst oppress me sore,
And I am faint with toil:
Thou shouldst not stay a bird of prey
Who claims his rightful spoil.

They say thou art a glorious king,
And justice is thy care:
Then justly reign in thy domain,
Nor rob the birds of air.'

'Mine oath forbids me to betray
My little twice-born guest:
See how she clings with trembling wings
To her protector's breast ?

'No flesh of lambs' the hawk replied,
'No blood of deer for me;
The falcon loves to feed on doves,
And such is Heaven's decree.

But if affection for the dove
Thy pitying heart has stirred,
Let thine own flesh my maw refresh,
Weighed down against the bird.'

He carved the flesh from off his side,
And threw it in the scale,
While women's cries smote on the skies
With loud lament and wail.

He hacked the flesh from side and arm,
From chest and back and thigh,.
But still above the little dove
The monarch's scale stood high.

He heaped the scale with piles of flesh
With sinews, blood, and skin,
And when alone was left him bone
He threw himself therein.

Then thundered voices through the air;
The sky grew black as night;
And fever took the earth that shook,
To see that wondrous sight.

The blessed gods, from every sphere,
By Indra led came nigh;
While drum and flute and shell and lute,
Made music in the sky.

They rained immortal chaplets down,
Which hands celestial twine,
And softly shed upon his head
Pure Amrit, drink divine.

Then God and Seraph, Bard and Nymph
Their heavenly voices raised,
And a glad throng with dance and song,
The glorious monarch praised.

They set him on a golden car,
That blazed with many a gem;
Then swiftly through the air they flew,
And bore him home with them.

Thus Kashi's lord, by noble deed,
Won heaven and deathless fame;
And when the weak protection seek
From thee, do thou the same.

# INDIAN POETRY—II.—*(continued.)*

## VI.

## AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

(REGINALD HEBER.)

Our task is done ; on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest ;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The moslem's savoury supper steams,
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.
Come walk with me the jungle through ;
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds his solitude ;
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green,
Come boldly on no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake.
Child of the Sun he loves to lie
'Midst Nature's embers parch'd and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade ;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe,
Fit warder in the gate of death !
Come on ! yet pause ! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom,
And winds our path through a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower ;
The ceiba's crimson pomp display'd
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade.
And dark anana's prickly blade ;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendant train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs ;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod '.
Yet who in Indian bow'r has stood,
But thought our England's " good green-wood"?
And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breath'd a prayer, (how oft in vain !)
To gaze upon her oaks again ?
A truce to thought, the jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry ;
And through the trees, yon failing ray
Will scantily serve to guide our way.
Yet mark, as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring ;
While to his cooler air confest,
The broad Dhatura braves her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night !
Still as we pass on softened hum,
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from bush and brier,
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre ;
And what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?
I know that soul-entrancing swell !
It is—it must be—Philomel ;
Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,—
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye.
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the mornings healthy wind.
But Oh ! with thankful hearts confess
Ev'n here there may be happiness ;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth—His hope of heaven !

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## Studies in Composition.

In this series of studies, we take an essay, or part of an essay, actually written by a student, and rewrite it in the adjoining column, giving notes upon the chief corrections. The passage selected for the month, is from an answer paper of a Fifth Form student who was asked to write an essay on *Bodily Exercise and its Uses*. The study will probably be of special interest to the more elementary of our readers.

### ORIGINAL PASSAGE.

BODILY EXERCISE AND ITS USES. (1)

BODILY exercise is an exercise or(2) work given to our body. Exercise means not only the plays and games of the students, (3) such as Football, Cricket ball, Tennese and Badminten, etc., (4) but also the works done by us, (5)..............

We can do exercises in any way we like and that should be done in proper ways (6). The exercises which are taught in our schools are all the new and civilised models. (7) In ancient days the students were not accustomed to do those exercises and they did not know how to do these things. (8) Their exercises were the only native exercises which were told before. (9)..........................................

Now-a-days (10) they all went (11) but very few villages they are observed (12). In these days the games and exercises are done in a very civilised and easily (13) manner. Somebody may ask that what are the uses of these games and exercises (14).

Let us observe the uses now (15). By doing these kinds of exercises the boys become very strong and courgious (16). Our (17) bodies are developed very much. The students who are weak, they become very strong persons (18). When we make exercises (19) blood circulations in our bodies increase (20).

### Corrected Passage.

BODILY EXERCISE AND ITS USES.

Bodily exercise is work given to the body.

It includes not only games like foot-ball and cricket, but also every kind of manual work.

We must take exercise on proper times. There is a variety of ways open to us.

The exercises which are now taught in our schools are after new and civilised models.

These are essentially modern and were not known to students in ancient times.

They were familiar only with the indigenous exercises referred to already.

They have all disappeared, being probably kept up in a few villages.

Games are conducted at the present day on fixed lines.

If the uses of games are questioned, it may be poined out that boys become strong and courageous by them.

Their bodies develop and become stronger.

Games increase the circulation of blood in the body.

1. All important words in the title must begin with a capital letter.

2. The repetition of the word is inelegant and the article is unnecessary before the expression. It may also be pointed out that such simple expressions need not be explained in an essay. The beginning must be more profound.

3. Games do not belong to students. As no particular class of students are specified, the definite article is not necessary. 'Cricket' will do and tennis and badminton are mis-spelt.

4. It is always good to avoid using

etc. but it is wrong after and. The examples are quite numerous and there is no need for referring to more games.

5. It is a clumsy expression. There is no need for using the plural of work.

6. The sentence hardly gives any meaning. It makes some sense in the altered form.

7. A wrong expression. The writer does not mean the exercises are models themselves.

8. 'These things' is an expression allowable in colloquial talk, but not in serious composition.

9. "Referred to "is the proper expression.

10. The expression must not be used in serious literary composition.

11. The past perfect form must be used. 'They went' is ludicrously wrong to signify the disappearance of games.

12. It makes nonsense without the preposition 'in', before very few villages.

13. The conjunction is made to connect an adjective and an adverb.

14. The most serious mistake is in 'ask that' But the sentence is even otherwise clumsy.

15. This short sentence should not form a separate paragraph.

16. A mistake of spelling.

17. The third person was being used till now. The writer suddenly uses the first person.

18. A clumsy arrangement of clauses.

19. 'Taking exercise' is the idiomatic expression.

20. There is no necessity for using the plural of 'circulation.'

## The Renaissance in India

I.

BY THE EDITOR.

**Students** of History are familiar with that mighty upheaval in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries well known as the great Renaissance in Europe. In popular parlance the expression is sometimes wrongly confined to the revival of art and letters but the movement really embraced a wider field of activity and gave impulses to progress to every aspect of individual and national life throughout the continent. There was quite an irresistible attraction for the acquirement of all classical knowledge and its improvement by new research and initiation. The spirit was equally strong with regard to the fine arts and new artists who threatened to rival the ancient masters, graced every land. Lofty ideals of social welfare and political liberty began to take root in every country, ending the tyranny and oppression of the middle ages. The spirit of adventure expressed itself in a thousand new achivements.

There was, it is true, some disorder and wildness in the first effervescence of the movement but it settled down in the course of the few decades to ordered and harmonious progress. Never was there such strenous striving and triumphant victory in the history of the world. In that sudden transition, from mediæval to modern times, Europe seemed to have gone through the experience of ages and come to a stage of progress which bewildered every onlooker. Referring to its power and magnitude, Walter Pater, than whom there has not been a more sympathetic and profound student of the revival has called it 'an outbreak of the human spirit., And that is no exaggerated estimate of a movement which affected almost every department of human interest which concerned itself not only with literature and art, but with religion, with natural science, with law, with philosophy with politics and even with ethics.

This is no place to enter into an examination of the circumstances that generated this great energy or to take stock of what it actually did in the various fields which came within the range of its influence. Its full import is indicated in the expressive words of John Addington Symonds, who says that "the history of the Renaissance is the history of the attainment of the self-conscious freedom by the human spirit manifested in the European races. What the word really means is new birth to liberty, the spirit of mankind recovering consciousness and the spirit of self-determination, recognising the beauty of the outer world and of the body through art, liberating the reason in science and the conscience in religion, restoring culture to the intelligence and establishing the principle of political freedom."

It requires no great stretch of the imagination to perceive the remarkable resemblance, there is between the Renaissance in Europe and the grand revival of national life in India, since the beginning of the 19th century owing to its contact with the influence of western civilization. The transformation is on a similar magnitude. It is part of a mighty awakening over the whole continent of Asia; with Japan beginning to dazzle the world in the arts of war and peace; with Persia and all the near east throbbing with the pulsations of a new life, and with even giant China rousing herself from her lotus-eating existence, acquiring democratic institutions and the fruits of western civilization in general. The movement has a direct bearing on all the branches of national life and the historian of the future will alight on a page of wondrous beauty and power when he approaches this epoch in India's story. An obvious point of difference may also be noted—while the impulse in the case of Europe arose from within itself, aided by a series of significant events the Indian Renaissance gets it from the spirit of another continent, though it has met with a willing response from the country and her own ancient civilization is playing no negligible part in the evolution.

Even a cursory survey of Indian history ought be enough to bring out the conviction that of all the successive races that have come into contact with Indian life and civilzation, it has been the privilege of the British to exercise the most abiding and powerful influence. It is true the young hero of Macedon pressed into the country with a brilliant company of Greeks but with all his lofty ideals of Hellenising the east he was not destined to leave a lasting impression on the Indian people. One has to dive into the pages of the antiquarian to get a knowledge of the slender traces left by him and his effete successors. The Muhammaden hordes convulsed the land with their barborous exploits, but never even professed to take any interest in the millions whom they tyrannised. The Mogul exhibited greater benevolence and refinement, enriched the land with some of his marvellous creations in stone and marble and bequeathed some lessons in administrative politics to those who followed him, but his civilization had not the capacity to impart a new life to the land. It is only the recent history of India that has furnished the scope for the play of a great national revival. It is not difficult to realise the circumstances that render this epoch quite unique in the history of India. The civilization with which the Indian has come into contact is full of a vigour which is manifesting itself in every department of human activity. The influence is for the first time on a very large scale, affecting the destinies of three hundred millions and

extending over a considerable period of time. This mighty experiment is carried out in an atmosphere of unruffled peace for which there would seem to be very few parallels in the world's history. In the circumstances it is only natural that the results should have been of the most encouraging kind.

II.

The general effect of contact with the west can be briefly indicated by the remark that it has led to a quickening of life in all directions. There is the new impulse of action and energy entering deep into the limbs of a mighty nation which was alsorbed in the sleep of ages. It has manifested itself in various attempts to build up the material prospects of the country, to lay the foundations of a broader civil life; to remove the deep-seated wrongs of class-distinctions; to ameliorate the condition of the masses; to revive all that is best in the past of the country and give birth to a new art and literature. Without any attempt at belittling the teachings of Hindu philosoply, it may be said that their effect through a wide cycle of centuries, was only to foster a spirit of quietism and the spell has at last been broken by the new race from the west. The inmates of the royal palace in Tennyson's 'Day Dream' did not burst out into a more lively existence at the magic touch of the prince. A fuller light has now illumined all and we may exclaim with the poet,

And all the long bent stream of life,
Dashed downward in a catarract.

It is not necessary to dwell at any great length on the ancient Indian ideal, to be able to perceive the remarkable change that has been wrought on the national spirit. One might at the outset take note of what would seem to be at the very foundations of the east, the point brought out vividly in the well-known lines of Matthew Arnold in which it is said of her that she let the legions thunder past and plunged in thought again. It is this contemplation and indifference to material success that has made the Indian stagnate in worldly progress though it has in some measure contributed to his elevation in religion and philosophy. The ideals of renunciation and asceticism have been preached and practised to the detriment of material hapiness. It is Matthew Arnold again that gives expression elsewhere to the ideas that have always drawn reverence from the children of India. With profound sympathy he sketches in his *Southern Night* the Hindu deal of the *Sanyasin*:

Some sage to whom the world was dead,
And men were specks and life a play,
Who made the roots of trees their bed
And once a day
With staff and gourd his way did bend.
To villages and haunts of man
For food to keep him till he end
His mortal span.
And the pure goal of being reach,
Gray headed, wrinkled, clad in white,
Without companion, without speech
By day and night
Pondering God's mysteries untold.

Even at the risk of being somewhat sweeping in manner it may be said that the distinguishing features of the Eastern spirit are allied to this contemplativeness, renunciation and asceticism, peace, devotion, reverence, contentment, repose, patience, tenderness, an a strong element of conservatism. It is idle to deny that these virtues have a place in the economy of the world and they assuredly tend to beautify human existence but there can be no progress without also acquiring the virtues that form the special heritage of the energetic west. These excessess of Indian

virtues in any direction only lead to disastrous consequences, contemplation has often led to inaction, peace to inanity, faith, devotion and reverence to degrading superstition, and patience to the wretchedness of cringing servility. The best correc'ive for all this must be sought for in the complimentary civilization of the west.

Even the most bigoted Indian will not fail to credit the West with what has been claimed for it in the following lines by the poet :

Ir. Cities should we English lie
Where cries are rising ever new
And men's incessant stream goes by :
We who pursue
Our business with unslackening stride,
Traverse in troops, with care-filled breast
The soft Mediterranian side,
The Nile, the east
And see all sights from pole to pole.

Several other ideas are suggested by the sketch and a more comprehensive study will probably serve to form the following list of virtues : dogged energy, worldly ambition bordering on aggressivness, capacity for efficient organisation, the realisation of civic responsibilities as well as privileges, a readiness to adopt new principles and an admirable spirit of intellectual enquiry and research aiming at a scientific pursuit of truth. The Renaissance may be said to turn mainly on the reception of these ideas from the West, of a message which may be stated in the words of Sir Alfred Lyall whose admirable insight into Indian life and civilisation lends a peculiar interest to his *Vrses written in India* :

Your life is sad in the dust and the Sun,
You dream and gaze at the brazen Sky.
Let the Gods be many, or god be none,
One Fate stands ever, that all shall die
Let sorrow or sleep in the shadow lurk
We are yet in the range of broad sunrays,
And the night fast cometh when none shall work
So strive and be glad in the long light days.
Fast and pray said the sages of Ind ;
We know not what penance and prayer may give
Forvisions are fading and words are wind,
The faith we bring you is Labour and Live

III.

The revival which may be said to have been inaugurated in India with the introduction of western culture due to the wisdom and foresight of Lord Macaulay, has exhibted its priceless benefits on the race in too powerful a manner to need any detailed delineation here. The assimilation of western science and a knowledge of its usefulness for the increase of the comforts of humanity—this alone is enough to constitute a proud monument of this renaissance. Sir William Hunter, in his *England's Work in India*, expatiates on the great revolution in life there has been in the land since the introduction of western science. He impress the idea of the change vividly on his readers by bringing back to life an Indian of the age of Manu and trying to delineate his feelings on beholding the India of to-day.

Of perhaps of even greater value is the introduction of the methods of scientific investigation, the vigorous exercise of reason in the interests of truth, dethroning authority in all matters pertaining to intellectual inquiry. The Indian attitude before the new force made itself felt, may be compared to that of the middle ages in Europe. All intellectual investigation was clogged by the same deference to the dictates of authority, while in matters of religious belief, reason was dreaded as an evil to be associated only with blasphemy of the worst type. The bold

challenge now offered to many a ruinous superstition could never have been possible in the old world. The movement has thus resulted in an intellectual rejuvention as enduring in its operations as that felt at the time of the Renaissance.

In the sphere of politics the change that has been wrought is not less impressive. The broad ideals of civic freedom and individual liberty for which Europe has striven through all these centuries have found devout worshippers in the east, who have been steadily educating themselves to bear at least in course of time, the responsibilities of that noble heritage. It is not in vain that there has been the study of a people who exclaim with pardonable pride,

We must be free or die who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spoke, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.

All that is implied by civic life in the modern sense is a new element introduced into a land which had not risen at its best to anything more than a benevolent despotism with strong leanings towards theocracy. Another phase of the Indian Renaissance is the same liberalising influence that is being felt in the social world. There is a remodelling of the social structure, based on the worth and sacredness of the individual and not on the privileges of birth or a rank. The ideal of social righteousness has penetrated into the ranks of at least the educated in the country and a sincere attempt is made to rectify the tyranny of centuries. Conservatism which has always found a hospitable home in the land is awakened for the first time by the irreverent hand of change. The ideal of chivalry to woman in the western sense, and greater freedom in the relations of the sexes are no negligible features of this awakening.

It is hardly necessary to refer to the several dark social practices which have disappeared,or are being seriously grappled with by the social reformer at the present day. The despondent voice is sometimes heard that it is in religion alone that this renissance has not resulted in any appreciable progress. And the truth of that statement is liable to grave question. The apparent decay in religious life that is perceived to day is only an inevitable consequence of the spread of culture, expressing itself all over the world. If some external forms of religious worship have been discarded and there is an unwillingness to see god by faith and faith alone, that does not affect the vitality of true religion. There is progress perceived on the other hand in the strengthening of the intellectual and philosophical basis of Hinduism; in the clashing with new faiths and creeds and in the borrowing of methods of improved religious organization and propaganda from the west. Without any implication that religion and morality were divorced from each other in the past history of India, it may be said that there is now an unmistakeable tendency to attach more importance to the spirit rather than to the forms of religion. A word of praise is also due to the scholars, eastern and western whose researches during the period have thrown new light on Hinduism.

The influence is not again less marked in the regions of art and literature. It will be universally acknowledged that Indian art and literature have had a glorious record of success in the past, but it is iml possible to overlook some of their characteristic defects. Idealism has often envloped Indian art and literature in unreality, and they have had also to groan in the trammels of convention. It is these weaknesses that a knowledge of

western literature has sought to correct. Art has been brought nearer the grave realities of life. The new man of letters does not concern himself with the romantic amours of kings out on a hunt, or with the detailed description of various imaginary worlds in the universe. He tries to give expression to the pathos and tragedy of human life as he sees it round himself. He does not shun the problems of the world, taking refuge under religious mysticism, nor does he refuse to make allowances to human frailty lulling himself to sleep in an unreal, though roseate idealism.

There has been repeated talk of the decay of vernacular literatures in the land. But the critics may well pause before making such an assertion, remembering it is an age in which the printing press has rendered their diffusion on a wide scale possible for the first time. A period which has seen the birth and extensive growth of vernacular journalism, not to speak of the numerous other literary forms that have been borrowed from the west need not be ashamed of its achievements. The history of Bengalee literature from the times of Michael Madusudan Dutt and Bankim Chander Chatterjee to Rabindranath Tagore of our own day, will serve as a very significant type of the progress that there has been in the languages of the land. The work of Indians in English itself is again a new pnenomenon which seems to be full of great potentialities.

In connection with literature it is worth while referring to a revolution in critical taste that has taken place during this reaissance. The literary criticism of the orthodox Indian is nothing more than the application of certain canons laid down by ancient writers to new works of art. It is not based on the ideal of individual aesthetic appreciation and allows no room for the privilege embodied in the Latin saying, *De gustibus non est disputandam*, there is no disputing about tastes. In reviewing a work of art the asks himself aftet the manner of the French critic, Sainte Bewve, "am I right, in being pleased with this ?" and not "Am I really pleased with this." The position has been reversed under the influence of western criticism and it is not difficult to realise what this fredom from convention and authority means for the development of true art and literature.

If no stress has been laid here on the contribution of India herself to this renaissance it is not from any unwillingness to recognise its great value but because attention has been confined here to the new elements that have been working themselves into the life of the land. They can only be engrafted on the old and when there is a successful and harmonious blending of the two there will be a realisation of the poet's words,

" And East & West without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

IV.

Before closing this study of the Indian revival, it is necessary to raise a voice of emphatic protest against the weakness so prevalent in this country of ignoring the glorious achievements of the present, in the excessive adulation of the past. The theme of the Indian Renaissance oses all its force if any court is paid to the spirit. It is true this weakness is not peculiar to this country—humanity has always been fond of imagining to itself a golden age in the past, amyth sadulously kept up by poets and believed in by discontentea pessimists Curiously enough the despondency

has been keenest in the epochs of greatest progress.

When England was awakening itself to a new life of glory at the beginning of the 19th century, Wordsworth in whom his admirers have seen a prophet, was heard to exclaim of England,

She is a fen
Of stagnant waters ; altar, sword, and
pen
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and
bower,
Have forfeited their ancient dower
Of inward happiness"

And when the civic life of the country was being broaened by a series of liberal measures people shook their heads and foercasted all the horrors of Armageddon. Even the spacious times of Elizabeth, about the achievements of which there does not appear now to be the possibility of any difference of opinion, harboured a similar feeling of discontent. Readers of the famous third chapter of Macaulay's *History of England* in which he tries to dwell at length on the progress of the England of the Victorian Era over that of the Stuarts will realise the baseless nature of the theory.

The weakness of exalting the past to the unfair detriment of the present operates on a very extensive scale in this country and it is even regarded as very fashionable in many quarters. It will not be denied as Ruskin said that a reverence for the past must be a necessary element of all good character. But let us not deny ourselves the inspiration of feeling we are in an age of mighty endeavours and triumphs and that under the influence of this renaissance we are advancing towards a consummation, embracing a wider measure of happiness than what has ever been in the history of the land ; that the golden age has not passed but is awaiting us in the future and that in the poet's words

"God is in this heaven
All is right with the world"

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The article on John Masefield, has been omitted for want of space—*Editor.*

## HOW TO WRITE VERSE.

THE following is from a recent lecture at the University of Cambridge upon the Wring of English, by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch King Edward VII. Professor of English literature. To understand the many essential differences between verse and prose we must constantly bear in mind that verse, being metrical, keeps the character originally imposed on it by musical accompaniment, and must always, however far removed, be referred back to its origin and to the emotion which music excites. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, having to commit his novel, "Cashel Byron's Profession," to paper, in a hurry, chose to cast it in blank verse, as being more easily and readily written so, a performance which, like most of Mr. Shaw's performances, brilliantly illuminated a half-truth. Verse or, at any rate, unrhymed iambic verse, was easier to write than prose, if they cared to leave out the emotion which madeverse characteristic and worth writing. Sir Arthur had little doubt that, had he chosen to attempt it, Mr. Shaw would have found his story still more ductile in the metre of "Hiawatha." (Laughter.) But the experiment proved nothing, or no more than, that all fine art costing labour, it might cost less if played the fool with in a category not its own.

Let them take an example from a work with which they were all familiar, "The Students' Handbook to the University and Colleges of Cambridge." On page 405 they read : "The Mediæval and Modern Languages Tripos is divided into ten sections : A1, A2, B. C. D. E. F. G. H. and I. A student may take either one or two sections at the end of his second year of residence ; or he may take two sections at the end of his third term only Thus

his Tripos can be treated either as at divided or an undivided Tripos at the option of the candidate." Suppose their excellent Registrar broke out into blank verse, the information might be conveyed thus :

There is a Tripos which aspires to blend

The Medieval and the modern tongues
In one red burial (Sing, Heavenly Muse !)
Divided into sections, A1, A2,
B, C, D, E, F, G, and H and I,
A student may take eithir one or two
(With some restrictions mentioned in a footnote)

At th' expiration of his second year.
Or of his third, or of his fourth again.
Take one or two ; or of his third alone
Take two together. Thus this Tripos is
(Like nothing in the Athanasian creed)
Divisible or indivisible

At the option of the candidate—Gadzooks ! or Amen, or what not. (Much laughter.)

If they accepted the argument that verse was by nature more emotional than prose, certain consequences followed, of which the first was that while the capital difficulty of verse consisted in saying ordinary things, the capital difficulty of prose consisted in saying extraordinary things ; that while wih verse, keyed for high moments, the trouble was to manage the intervals, with prose the trouble was to manage the high moments.

By way of illustration the lecturer quoted Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," in which the poet informed them that—

Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean spoil

In ocean-smelling osier—
(meaning fish in a fish-basket)
and his face,

Rough-reddened with a thousand winter gales,

Not only to the market town were known,

But in the leafy lanes beyond the down
For as the portal-warding lionwhelf

And peacock yew-tree of the lonely hall.

Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

There they felt that verse was too spacious for it content ; that they were within reasonable distance of having fresh fish recommended to them as "the finny denizens of the deep," and the oyster even as a "succulent bivalve."

The feathered tribes on pinions cleave the air, Not so the mackerel, and, still less. the bear. (Laughter.) He believed that difficulty, which verse by nature and origin emotional, encountered in dealing with oridinary unemotinal narrative, to lie as a tehchnical reason at the bottom of Horace's advice to the writer of Epic to plunge in medias res, thus avoiding flat preparative, and striking at once a high note which should force him thereafter to hurry across flat intervals. Also, it lay at the bottom of Matthew Arnold's mind when, selecting certain qualities for which to praise Homer, he chose as the every first Homer's rapidity. The genius of Homer in that matter was, in fact, some thing demonic. He stood easily first among poets in the tehchnical triumph over the capital disability of verse in his easy carriage over flat passages. Sir Arthur had some Interesting things to say as to the unsuitabillty of matters maritime and the sea (to whose romance he has himself contributed) for epic treatment, owing to the monotony of life at sea ; but Homer made interesting the ten years' voyage of Odysseus from Troy to Ithaca by the trick of condensing the mass of Odysseus' seafaring adventures into a reported speech—a traveller's tale at the court of Alcinous.

In conclusion, Professor Quiller-Couch said he was told that his lectures were criticised as tending to make his audience conceited, by encouraging in them a belief that they could do things. His answer was that the better they understood the great authors as friends, the more certainly they would realize what was the condescension of the gods.

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